The Sketch

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STAR IN "DANGEROUS MOONLIGHT"

Vivacious blonde SALLY GRAY *plays Carole Peters, the American heiress heroine of* "DANGEROUS MOONLIGHT," *opposite to Anton Walbrook as Stefan Radetzky, Polish musician and airman. Cecil Beaton designed Miss Gray's costumes for this new film, and posed her for this "still"—facts which account for its striking resemblance to one of his fine camera portrait studies.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

The New Social Code.

There used to be (perhaps there still are) Books of Etiquette and Social Guides for Kippses who aspired to refanement. I haven't seen one of these edifices for a long time, but I have come across some entertaining examples from the Victorian era. Alas! refanement has been on the wane; young people nowadays notoriously have no manners, except a few bad ones—ask anybody of middle or advanced age! And what manners were still left have, of course, been ruined by the war. Well, as everything else is "emergency" nowadays, it seems to me that we need some Emergency Regulations for social behaviour. We have had them already for polite behaviour in Air Raid Shelters, and it would not surprise me if at any moment some Ministry or other issued a complicated code, with numerous offences of summary jurisdiction, of social etiquette. Meanwhile, I think we all ought to adopt a voluntary code of What is Done in the Best Circles, and here are a few suggestions which I would humbly offer to all who aspire to be loyal citizens, good neighbours and perfect little ladies and gentlemen.

Seven Commandments.

(1) Don't "drop in" for casual meals in the houses of long-suffering friends. This ought to be an unnecessary injunction, but there are still people in this beleaguered land who do not appear to realise the importance to a distracted housewife of One More Mouth to Feed. This advice is addressed particularly to bachelors, a misguided class of men, who should not be allowed to plead ignorance of domestic exigencies, since their ignorance is wilful and culpable. (2) Never accept a cigarette from anybody. Smoke Your Own (if any) should be a rigid rule in all decent society. The sacred laws of hospitality compel the offer, but common humanity dictates the refusal. Be slow, too, to accept the proffered glass of sherry, for it is liquid gold with high scarcity value. Cold comfort though it is, pin your faith to "far better without it" in the presence of temptation. (3) I know it is difficult, but try occasionally to talk about something else but food. It is a subject of infinite possibilities, and it never fails to strike responsive chords, but it *can* pall. So can the war, and if you can contrive not to talk about *that* every now and then, you will be on the way to marked social success.

The Good Conduct Prize.

(4) Always consider the servants. There is the best of all possible reasons for this—namely, that there probably aren't any servants to consider, and therefore your thoughtfulness for those in a humble station of life will be all the more appreciated by your wife or your hostess. (5) Get the queue habit. When in doubt, queue up. It probably won't help you to get what you want, but it shows a nice, disciplined, co-operative spirit which will get you good marks. (6) Never use a clean envelope—it looks ostentatious. Help the war effort by plastering labels and flaps all over your most dilapidated envelopes, even if this uses far more paper than a new one. (7) Emulate the scarecrow. Let rags and tatters be your only wear. If there are any creases in your trousers, remove them; and if there aren't any creases in your coat, put some in. Make it your ambition and your boast to be a walking jumble-sale; otherwise, far from being the glass of fashion and the mould of form, you will be a self-proclaimed profiteer and Fifth Columnist. If it is all too difficult, and you feel you can't look shabby enough to satisfy public opinion, there is a simple way out—just go nudist and be done with it.

One Man, One Piece.

Or else try the new "civilian battle-dress." I have not yet seen this ingenious garment in, or on, the flesh, but the photographs of it commend it to all who value the combination of grace and utility. It has always been a mystery why when a woman can provide herself, with a complete outer integument by simply slipping something over her head (not that the process is always quite as simple as that), a man has to hitch three garments together before he is able to face the world. Here at last is the one-piece *complet* (as they expressively call it in France), eminently on-slippable in one rapid, deft gesture when time is of the essence, as it so often is nowadays. A generous waist-band accentuates the streamline effect, though it may not be found uniformly suitable for all that range of figures which the other sex, with its genius for delicate euphemism, calls "matronly." But the great attraction, as advertised, of this 1941 Model is that it contains eight pockets. The average three-piece costume contains about a dozen—and even then they are, notoriously, not enough. Anything which will reduce the extraordinary miscellany of hardware which most of us men carry about with us is probably all to the good; and yet, when I look at my own sordid collection of portable junk, I don't know how I could reduce it without grave deficiency of necessary equipment. Only a reduction of pockets will, I suspect, ever teach me how unnecessary most of it is.

The New Feminism.

A moment ago I mentioned, not without envy, the fact that what is, in effect, a sack with three holes in it is an adequate outer covering for a woman. And yet—well, some people never know their luck! When the postwomen of Bristol were given, the other day, the option of applying for trousers or skirts at the next clothing issue, more than 150 chose trousers. (The younger members of the force, it is hinted.) The trouser-movement may possibly be another symbol of Emancipation, as "rational costume" and "bloomers" were of yore, but otherwise I have never understood why it should have captured the modern feminine imagination so completely. Do women

"Do you do anything for the little green fly?"

"I'm afraid we don't. But we give to a lot of other charities."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

"Now then, boys, we've got an 'eavy day. Chamber music in the canteen, lunchtime favourites for the Sergeant's' Mess, 'ot music for the Old Man's sherry-party, and a rehearsal for the blinkin' church parade to-morrow." (DRAWN BY HAILSTONE.)

really suppose the ridiculous tubular garment called trousers—one of the clumsiest inventions of nineteenth-century fashion—to be more comfortable than a skirt? Highlanders know better! And, for the matter of that, any man who has been trying all his life to keep trousers in shape knows better. If you want to realise what an unnatural garment the trouser is, look at any statue of a trousered man. If, then, this strange New Feminism is not a question of comfort, can it conceivably be a question of Charm? Tastes differ, and I can speak only for myself, but on *that* aspect of the matter also I think most men could disillusion most women.

Next to Godliness. Keen disappointment is being expressed in juvenile circles at the news that, while all this rationing is going on, soap, after all, is not to be rationed. There were high hopes at one stage when housewives were seen queue-ing up in their serried ranks outside chemists' and grocers' shops under the influence of a powerful soap-scare. A false alarm, it seems. The public is assured that so long as we go on producing explosives, we shall also manufacture soap as a by-product. This is the first redeeming feature I have ever heard suggested for explosives, and I don't feel that it is half redeeming enough. How superstitious we have become about soap! I have not the slightest idea when it was first invented—that is the sort of useful knowledge which is possessed by nobody except the Ripleys of this world; but I am sure that humanity managed to do without it for many centuries, and a very considerable proportion of humanity continues to do so even in the twentieth century. You and I, however, in our wisdom and superiority, have got to a point where we consider it almost as essential as food. It only shows you the complications and disadvantages of civilisation!

Massacre of the Innocents. However, it is reassuring to know that we can keep the "shining morning face," which the Melancholy Jaques attributed (most inaccurately, I have always thought) to the schoolboy, without cutting off coupons for it. This rationing process bears hardly on old and young, but I do think that the babies might have been spared. The poor, helpless little things are now to have standard prams! These grim vehicles are not to contain more than 14 lb. of steel, and they are to be shorn completely of mudguards, long handles, ball bearings and brakes. It is doubtful whether there will be any hoods, and there will be practically no choice of colours. This seems to me to be a case for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. What with teething, bathing, mother-love, colly-wobbles and the innumerable trials of infancy, babies have always been a Depressed Class, and one of the few compensations to which they could look forward in their bleak lot was a handsome pram which would entitle them to a little legitimate swank over other chaps with less up-to-date models. To reduce them all to "standard prams" of strictly utilitarian design is another example of this regrettable, modern levelling-down tendency. No doubt the next thing will be that all the babies will have to be of standard design. You may say that Nature has seen to that already, but doubtless the Ministry of Health can find room for improvement.

A Blot in the 'Scutcheon.

"Lo! all the pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre."

I am not quite sure where Nineveh was, and I think, though I am none too sure, that it passed out of human ken some little time ago; but it is remarkable how Tyre has managed to keep in the news all these centuries. Here the Phœnicians flourished three thousand years ago, and here to-day there is (so I read) a tiny town which "looks like a peaceful Cornish fishing village." I hope the Aussies appreciated the air of antiquity, but they do not seem to have enjoyed it when the inhabitants strewed them with rose-leaves and sprayed them with scent. This war has produced many paradoxes, but none is perhaps more startling than the thought of a Digger going into battle drenched in Attar of Roses. Imagination reels at the comments which must have been made in the forcible and picturesque Antipodean vernacular. The troops, it is reported, rushed into the surf to wash away their shame, but it is doubtful whether all the waters of the rough, rude sea will ever remove this stain from Australian manhood, which, whatever its human frailties, has never before incurred the reproach of even involuntary sissiness.

Unholy Writ. "This 1941 Bible is Edited like Newspaper." This engaging headline is followed by the information (for which, however, the publishers are not responsible) that "the Bible is to be presented to you as news. . . . All the art of modern newspaper presentation has gone into the publication of 'The Bible for To-Day,' which will be published on July 17th. Headlines and sub-titles . . . are used, with illustrations of modern life and warfare to bring the familiar words to new life." There are to be pictures of tanks, aeroplanes, blitzes, refugees, London buildings, microphones, movie cameras—in short, every resource of modern civilisation. This sort of thing makes me painfully conscious how very old-fashioned, reactionary and senile I must be growing. All theological, sentimental or traditional considerations apart, I ask myself what is gained by trying to interpret history in terms of modernity. Why must we have everything, including Shakespeare, "in modern dress"? Has this generation so lost all sense of perspective that it cannot see anything in terms of the past? If that is the result of all our education and progress, it does not seem to have produced much more than a bad squint. We now have the Bible in Basic English, the Bible as Literature, the Bible for To-Day and no doubt we shall soon have the Bible for To-Morrow. I suggest that it would not be a bad idea to let it, and all other famous books, stand on their own merits as "not for an age, but for all time."

"*THAT'S our house, Willie—and if you hadn't been safely in the Army, we might have been killed.*"

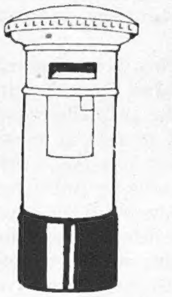
DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

Sic Transit. If it had not been for more momentous events, I suppose the passing of the ex-Kaiser would have consumed a great deal more letter-press than it did; but I doubt whether it would have excited any great public interest. Twenty years of complete obscurity and insignificance were the fitting penalty for the antics of a megalomaniac who was too vain to realise the perils of all his provocations, and then stood terrified and aghast at the inevitable result of his indiscretions. Of all political hysterias that I can remember, I recall none more crazy than "Hang the Kaiser!"—and this is not wisdom after the event, for at the time I was convinced that it would have been sheer lunacy to present a cheap martyrdom to one who, in humiliating obscurity, was certain to shrink to his true stature. Did time and reflection and old age bring him any regrets or disillusion? Only a few years ago an American friend of mine, a historian, interviewed him at Doorn. He was as voluble as ever in his own defence, convinced that the purity of his motives had been misunderstood by a malicious world; and his final words were, "I look to your country to vindicate me!" I wonder if he hugged that delusion to the last?

Thanks a Million! Some little time ago, in a moment of stress, I uttered a *cri de cœur* for chocolate. To "A Sympathiser," who, besides writing a beautiful hand, understands the agony of a human soul, and has proved it by sending from "Somewhere in England" a priceless packet of chocolate, I send thanks which, even as I write, choke me with muffled sobs.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—One of the prize gardens in these parts was thrown open to the public one day last week. Charles and I both went, Charles because the sixpence a head entrance fee was in aid of the Cottage Hospital, and I because I wanted to see the garden.

I think it is the loveliest garden I know. To begin with, it is large, but not so large as to make the Owner's house look like the tool shed, which is the tendency of modern gardens, or perhaps I should say of modern houses. Then it has a little stream running along the bottom edge, as all good gardens should have ; but best of all, everything in it seems to be growing there because it is the right and proper place for it to grow, and not because some determined person with a spade has made a hole and shoved it in.

Charles and I wandered round in a depressed way, wondering how we could ever have dared to call the jungle which surrounds our house a garden. Here there were no weeds, no slugs, snails, or greenfly, and everything seemed to be growing healthily and happily in the right shape. Most of the plants were so rare that they had little metal notice boards with long Latin names on them stuck into the ground beside them, and the few we did recognise were new and surprising colours.

"One of the prize gardens was thrown open to the public."

" That's a delphinium, Charles."

" Don't be silly, Henrietta, it's pink."

" All the same, it *is* a delphinium, Charles."

Charles sighed. " Let's go and have a look at the veg.", he said.

But if he hoped to see signs of neglect in the vegetable garden he was doomed to disappointment. The vegetables stood in neat, prim rows with never a weed to be seen, and all larger, stronger, and more advanced than the ones we had raised with toil and tears at home.

" Where's the Unpleasaunce ? " said Charles through clenched teeth. (He has called our Dump that ever since " Garden Rubbish " became his favourite book.)

Here surely, we felt, would be found this garden's Heel of Achilles. Charles and I searched feverishly, but *there was no Unpleasaunce.* Apparently there were no weeds to burn, no broken flower pots, and no wheelbarrow without a wheel which nobody seemed to have time to take to the blacksmith to be mended. In one remote corner there was a bundle of fibre, neatly hooped with wire and surrounded by a box hedge. That was all.

Charles and I returned to the flower garden in silence. The Owner was walking about with a shooting-stick, a proud and happy man, as well he might be, talking to his guests, advising, explaining, and listening patiently and with sympathy to long, boring stories of other people's garden troubles.

" I think those azaleas are *the* most beautiful things I've ever seen," said a guest in a hushed gardening voice.

" Yes, but look at this little beast," said the Owner, poking fretfully at a rather less exuberant specimen with his shooting-stick. " It came from Mongolia and I *can't* get it to settle down."

" You see, Charles," I said wistfully, " he isn't even conceited."

Suddenly Charles clutched my arm and pointed with a shaking finger. " Look ! " he said. " Look, Henrietta ! "

There it was, growing low on the ground, urban, squat, and packed with guile, like the Cambridge people in Rupert Brooke's poem, and with roots, as well we knew, spreading several hundred feet underground.

" Bindweed ! " we shouted, and leaped forward like hounds at a kill.

The Owner came hurrying across what I must call the sward, because grass seems too ordinary a word. " I see you are admiring those dwarf lupins," he said. " People often cry out when they see them."

" I really must congratulate you on your lovely garden," said Charles, who was now in the highest spirits.

" Are you a gardener, Mrs. Brown ? " said the Owner.

" I am a Weeder," I said.

The Owner's wife, who had joined the party, leant towards me and said in a low voice, " What is your favourite weed ? "

" Groundsel," I said, without a moment's hesitation.

" Groundsel is my favourite, too," said the Owner's wife. " It comes out of the ground very sweetly, doesn't it ? " and we gave each other a long Look, fraught, as they say, with understanding.

" ' I think those azaleas are THE most beautiful things I've ever seen.' "

The Owner walked with us to the gate, and we thanked him for his garden, and told him he ought to be a very happy man, because he worked hard all day at the thing he liked doing best in the world, and was making a bit of England more and more beautiful when such a lot of it was being made more and more ugly.

" I like to think of it in that way," said the Owner.

Just before we drove away I poked my head out of the window and whispered, " What do you do for Bindweed ? "

" Cuss ! " said the Owner.

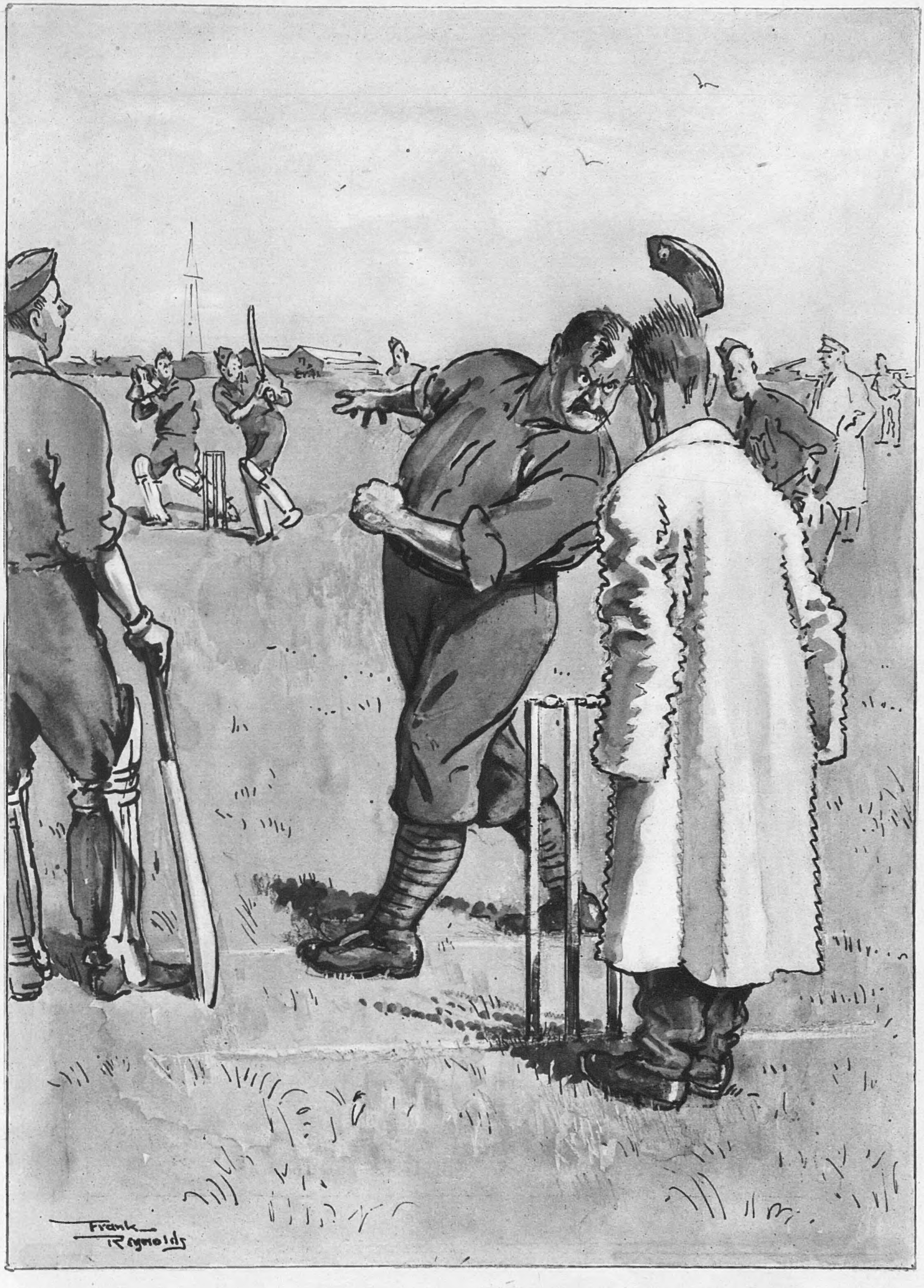
Charles dropped me at our gate and I left my hat and gloves in the hall and then walked slowly round the garden. The Unpleasaunce had never loomed so large ; there was a new patch of bindweed in the asparagus bed, and the jobbing gardener, who is never so deaf as when you tell him something he doesn't want to hear, had again planted an enormous number of orange cherryanthus in front of the house. But the peas were coming along nicely, and so were the strawberries, and I decided that homely things like stocks and lavender were just the thing for a house which was built by a retired sea-captain in the year seventeen hundred and something.

Determined to look on the bright side, I returned to the asparagus bed, took a firm hold of the bindweed, and said the worst word I know.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

" ' Bindweed ! ' we shouted, and leaped forward like hounds at a kill."



Bowler: "That's out!"
Umpire: "You've said it, Sergeant-major!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

JARDINIÈRE DE LÉGUMES.

It often happens in these days that there is no meat in the house and at the same time the more interesting vegetables are not yet in season, but a delicious and nourishing dish can be quickly prepared with those that are easily obtainable all the year round—for instance, carrots, cabbage, nettles and potatoes.

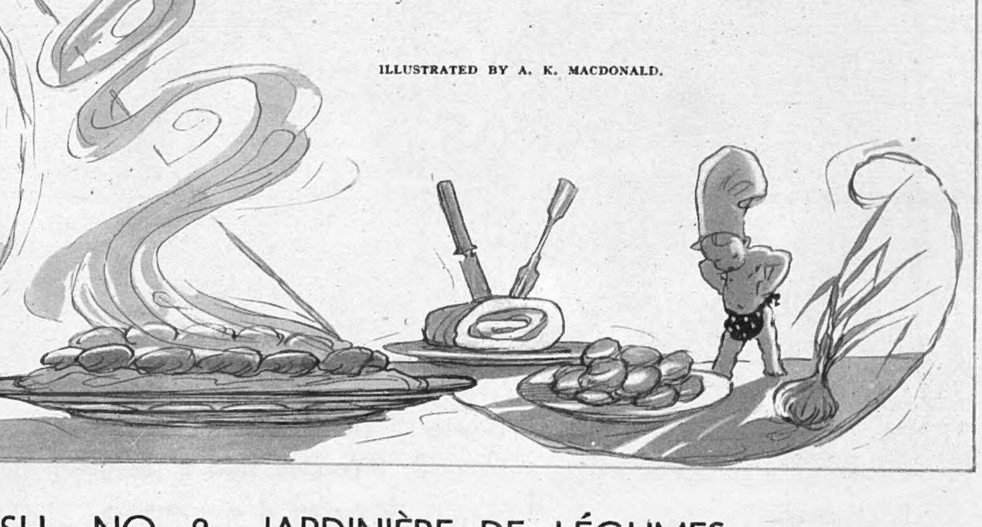
CREAMED NETTLES.—Pick two pounds of young nettles—the easiest way is to cut the heads off with a pair of scissors—wash thoroughly, and put them into salted boiling water for ten minutes. Strain off, keeping back a cupful of the nettle water and pass through a fine sieve. Mix together one ounce of melted margarine and one tablespoonful of flour, adding slowly the nettle water, stir until fairly thick, and beat into the purée to form a creamy mixture.

CABBAGE CROQUETTES.—Boil two medium-size cabbages for ten minutes, remove and spread on a sieve to allow the water to drain away. Chop them up and sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste; add one tablespoonful of milk, one egg, and three tablespoonfuls of flour or breadcrumbs. Shape the mixture into small rounds, roll them in flour and fry until a golden brown.

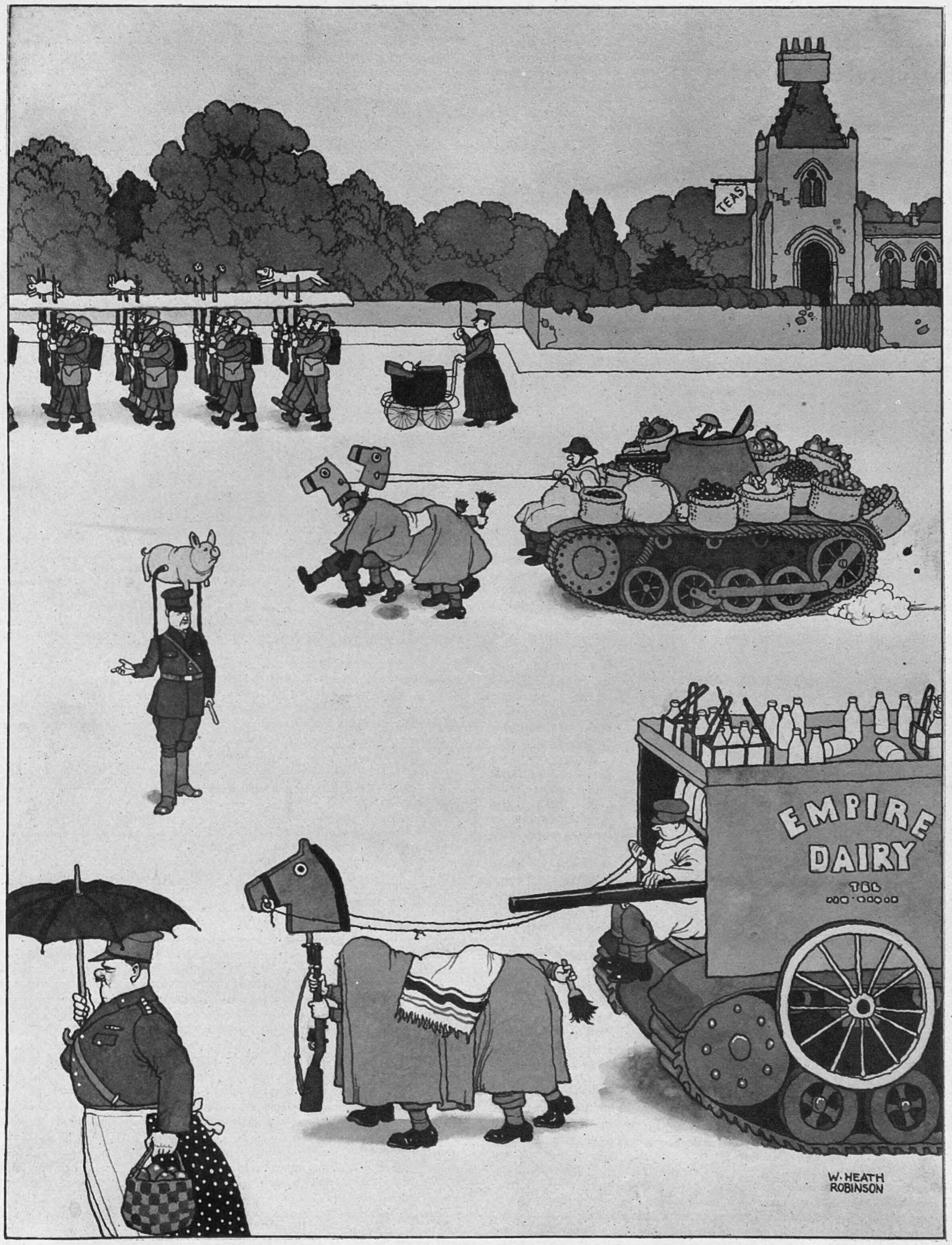
CARROTS SUPREME.—Slice finely six large carrots and leave them to simmer gently in margarine until soft (usually about a quarter of an hour); strain off the fat and pour over them one large cupful of milk, and two ounces of grated cheese. Mix well, adding flour until the sauce becomes thick.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Use only small potatoes, allowing two to each person. Bake them in the usual way in a hot oven, taking care not to let the skins burn. Remove when soft, cut a hole in the centre and fill with chopped slices of bacon and one onion (if possible) fried together. Heat up all your vegetables, arrange on a dish, and serve immediately.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.



UNRATIONED RELISH: NO. 8. JARDINIÈRE DE LÉGUMES.



DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE WHOLE ART OF ANTI-DIVE-BOMBER CAMOUFLAGE.

W. Heath Robinson here offers his solution of an important military problem—how to insure protection for troops against the dive-bomber. Under the ingenious cover he has here devised our men could advance unscathed to repel invasion.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

I BELIEVE I have observed several times before, and I am certain that I shall have reason to observe again, that Spencer Tracy is rather a remarkable fellow. How an actor can go on year after year, in good pictures and in bad, turning out performances that are consistently persuasive, intelligent and human, is a constant wonder to me. Looking back on all the varied parts that he has played, I can't off-hand recall one that was less than satisfactory.

I suppose Father Flanagan, in " Boys Town " and " MEN OF BOYS TOWN "—which you can see at the Empire this week—is one of the most difficult rôles Spencer Tracy has ever tackled. In the first place, Father Flanagan is a contemporary, an actual living and celebrated man. In the second place, he is a priest, and there is always a peculiar difficulty in making an acceptable dramatic figure of a man in a dog-collar.

Simple goodness is not an easy thing to enact. Either an actor tends to make him over-hearty, or else he makes him a prig. Spencer Tracy doesn't do either. I should say he has made no mistakes at all with his Father Flanagan. Without very much action to help him, with little to do except show courage and understanding and a quirk of warm-hearted humour, he has sketched-in a life-size man who is as interesting as he is good. People more adept than myself in the art of spotting acting tricks may tell you that he does it with a special use of the eyes, a compression of the lips, a deliberation of speech, or a cunning play of the muscles in the cheeks. Personally, I prefer to believe that he does it by intense concentration on the spirit of the part, on the principle that if you want to find a lost horse, think where you 'd go if you were a horse, and look there for it.

I hate to think what " Men of Boys Town " would be like without Spencer Tracy. For, to English eyes at least, it 's often a rather trying picture. I am always embarrassed by the tendency of the screen youth of America to cry at the least provocation, and the lachrymal glands are certainly working overtime in this piece. There are partings and misunderstandings, and brutal prison guards, and a dog's funeral, and there 's hardly a reel, I should say, in which somebody's chin isn't quivering, somebody isn't manfully choking back a tear.

The price of progress. Indians, resenting the coming of the telegraph wires across their territory, and also in search of whisky, raid the camp and kill a worker on his telegraph-pole.

Metro - Goldwyn had a job on hand, rather more difficult than the normal problem of sequels, when they decided to make a successor to their popular " Boys Town." For " Boys Town," enthusiastic study though it was, brought certain difficulties to the real - life Father Flanagan. The good priest, head of the institution for homeless boys near Omaha, was shown in the film as a kind of miracle man who could always get as much money as he needed. As a result, charitable contributions began to fall off alarmingly. When the studio approached Father Flanagan for permission to make a second film, they were met with a certain amount of natural hesitation. So a compromise was struck. The priest gave his consent, along with permission to film part of the picture at the school, and the studio arranged to write a story which, it was hoped, would bring back the donations to Boys Town.

They have done this by presenting Father Flanagan as a harassed man faced by heavy financial worries. Since the last film, it seems, he has built improvements to Boys Town, new wings and dormitories, amounting to 500,000 dollars. Although he struggles every way to pay off his debts, his anxiety to help more boys, his dream of building 250 Boys Towns up and down the country, sink him deeper and deeper in trouble. Towards the end there is real danger of the institution being closed down, or at least taken out of his hands, and only the last-minute intervention of a philanthropic couple saves it.

Running parallel to this story of Father Flanagan's anxieties is a sentimental plot about a cripple from a reform school who is accused of manslaughter. This truculent youth (Larry Nunn), who has got that way, it seems, because he has been beaten by the guards, is taken to Boys Town on parole, but refuses to succumb to the good Father's amelioratory influence. In despair, Father Flanagan hands over the case to his trusted boy Mayor (Mickey Rooney). Mickey, he says, has got to make the new boy smile. His attempts to do this include a comic-band interlude and a slow-motion boxing match, played for the broad laugh. They fail, and I can't say I am in the least surprised. Finally, he does the trick by pressing a mongrel dog into the cripple's arms. The dog, who certainly earns his place in some canine heaven, performs a second miracle by his death. The cripple, softened, gets up and hobbles to his graveside, then breaks down and weeps. After which he is adopted by the good elderly couple who have already made an unsuccessful attempt to corral Master Rooney.

Zane Grey's " Western Union," screened in Technicolor by Twentieth Century-Fox, is at the Gaumont, Haymarket. Edward Creighton (DEAN JAGGER, *in black*)*, telegraph builder, sets out, c. 1861, to link East and West together. Hundreds of adventurous men roll up to Omaha to roll out with a great caravan of wagons across the dangerous plains and prairie to Salt Lake City. Dressed in the height of prairie fashion Dick Blake* (ROBERT YOUNG ; *left*) *arrives from Harvard to report for work, and flirts with Sue Creighton* (VIRGINIA GILMORE)*, who has another admirer in Vance Shaw* (RANDOLPH SCOTT ; *sitting on fence*).

" ATLANTIC FERRY " (Warner's) is probably not the film it would have been if it could have been made in peacetime. It 's tough when a story of the sea, and of the first crossings of the Atlantic under steam, has to be made on a couple of floors at Teddington with practically no exteriors. When you see the storms and the dock scenes and the effects of wind and rough water that have been artificially created, you will agree, I think, that the technical staff—the camera-men, the art directors, the model-makers, and the other specialists in illusion—have worked wonders. But you can't help imagining what Hollywood would have done with the same situations, shot on real ocean under a real sky.

Hollywood actually tackled very much the same subject in that Will Fyffe-Margaret Lockwood-Douglas Fairbanks picture, " Rulers of the Sea." In that film, you may remember, the first ship ever to make its way across the Atlantic under its own steam sailed from Greenock to the new world, and a certain gentleman of Nova Scotia, one Samuel Cunard, came down to the docks to meet it. In " Atlantic Ferry " the story of Samuel Cunard is continued. It tells how the great pioneer, already convinced of the superiority of steam over sail, comes to England and effects a merger between the rival companies of Burns and MacIver, whose ships ply between Glasgow and Liverpool. Backed by Cunard, a new partnership is formed, and the first Cunarder, the mail-packet *Britannia*, goes on the stocks. In spite of strikes, sabotage and the jeers of the partisans of sail, *Britannia* makes her maiden crossing from Liverpool to Boston on Independence Day, 1840, the year enshrined in history as the birthday of the penny post.

The most successful thing about " Atlantic Ferry " is the straightforward drama of the shipping line itself. It is exciting to think of

this crazy old paddle-steamer as the forerunner of the sleek leviathans of the sea—the *Mauretania*, the *Queen Mary*, the *Queen Elizabeth*, which we see leaving her slips in news-reel shots at the close of the picture. Rather less successful is the personal love-story that is entwined with it. We see how decorative Mary Ann Morison (Valerie Hobson), daughter of the Glasgow Comptroller of Customs, engages herself to David MacIver (Griffith Jones), elder brother—but still so young and handsome!—of the Liverpool shipbuilding MacIvers. We see how busily, progressive miss that she is, she interests herself in the project of steam, and how reluctantly she falls in love with the younger MacIver brother, Charles (Michael Redgrave). Crossing to America and back on *Britannia's* maiden voyage, she is thrown literally into Charles's arms, and it is probably best for everybody that David is run down and fatally injured in the fog while warning the incoming *Britannia* of a drifting lifebuoy.

Miss Hobson, Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Jones look well, and play their parts with becoming dignity, which is probably all that is asked of them. Mr. Hartley Power, as Samuel Cunard, has a rare chance to combine his Transatlantic accent with a part that is neither cop nor gangster. Miss Margaretta Scott, as the heroine's cousin, is indifferently served with a part that has no clear-cut character. Old-time picturegoers will welcome, with a thrill of nostalgic pleasure, the return of Bessie Love in a small bit—doe-eyed, *petite* Miss Love of "Intolerance" and the first "Broadway Melody." The most startling thing, perhaps, is to discover how tiny she was, beside some of the athletic, strapping wenches of to-day.

It is a far cry from "Metropolis" and "Siegfried" to "WESTERN UNION" (Gaumont), but Viennese director Fritz Lang has a feeling for cinema that can manage most assignments. He knows just how to hold a scene for suspense. He knows how to make a pause momentous. He knows how to handle crowds, how to use a significant sound or detail to point up atmosphere. Off-hand, one could hardly think of any director less likely to tackle a pioneer American Western than this monocled veteran of Neubabelsberg. In fact, there are probably few directors in Hollywood who could handle the thing so well.

"Western Union" is a thundering big action picture on the lines of "Wells Fargo" and "Union Pacific." It is in Technicolor—rich and sometimes rather splendid Technicolor. The theme is the extension of the telegraph line west, during the troubled days of the Civil War, from Omaha to Salt Lake City. Indians and outlaws and forest fires are the menace, and it takes a tough band of heroes, which the film has, to stand up against them.

Outlaw Vance Shaw (Randolph Scott), riding hard across the desert to escape the sheriff and his posse, finds an injured man, engineer Edward Creighton (Dean Jagger), whom he helps to the nearest stage-coach station. Creighton, a Western Union employee, makes his headquarters at Omaha, preparing to run the line west on its next stage towards the

Later, Salt Lake City celebrates the arrival of the Western Union from the East, marking the completion of the line which already ran from Salt Lake to San Francisco. The first telegraph message from the Mormon city was sent to President Abraham Lincoln, assuring him that Utah stood with the Union in the war of the Confederacy.

Pacific. There, a year later, the mysterious Vance joins his expedition as a Scout, in spite of Creighton's fairly clear suspicions of the outlaw's case-history.

Creighton's confidence, of course, is justified. In loyalty to the man who has befriended him, and naturally, since love must creep in, for the sake of Creighton's sister, Sue (Virginia Gilmore), Vance decides to become a Good Scout. In spite of many trials and temptations, in the teeth of constant danger, he sticks to his resolution. At the end, as the embattled line of poles creeps nearer to Salt Lake City, Vance makes his final sacrifice. He admits that the leader of the bandits, who have been stealing the Union horses, firing their camps and inciting the Indians against them, is his brother. The two brothers come together in a final spectacular gun-duel. Both die—but the line goes through.

Lest the tender-hearted should go away disappointed, there is a second hero on hand (Robert Young), a tenderfoot who turns out tough enough in a crisis, to console Sue, the pretty telegraphist. Mr. Young gives his usual pleasant, breezy impersonation of a thoroughly likeable young

Having been told that Chief Spotted Horse (CHIEF BIG TREE) *of the Ogalalla Sioux will not allow the telegraph wires to run through his country, Blake and Shaw risk their lives by riding to Spotted Horse's camp and convincing him that the "singing wire" is good medicine.*

man whose flippancy belies him. Dean Jagger, that tall, impressive player whom we saw as Brigham Young last year, gives mental as well as physical stature to the rôle of engineer Creighton. He *seems* like a man who could push through a telegraph wire—or anything else, for that matter—from Omaha to the Pacific.

Randolph Scott, as Vance Shaw, was the late Zane Grey's own choice for the part, and I doubt if anyone could have chosen better. Mr. Scott has played in seventeen Zane Grey parts before this version of the author's last novel, and Grey himself always called him "the perfect Westerner." Very tall, well over six foot, lean-jawed and rangy, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on him, Mr. Scott is one of the few "polite" actors who can get into an outdoor film and look as if he belonged there. Actually, he is not a Westerner, but a Southerner, born in Virginia, a graduate of the University of North Carolina. What with his acting and Fritz Lang's direction, and the helpful work of everyone else in the piece, including the horses, "Western Union" has turned out a very excellent film.

"I WANTED WINGS" (Carlton and Plaza) is a film that will undoubtedly be described as an epic. That is to say, it is very long—well over two hours—very spectacular, is concerned with America's defence, introduces thousands, literally thousands, of airplanes, and actually works a blonde into a Flying Fortress. This lady, a newcomer to the screen, Miss Veronica Lake, plays the same part in relation to "I Wanted Wings" as the late Jean Harlow did to "Hell's Angels." She is the lure, the glamour, the earthly pull that distracts these hawk-eyed flyers and almost loses them their wings. Sultry and smouldering, with a long, silken mane of hair, she even manages to look like Miss Harlow at times, though slinkier.

The way she gets into the bomber is this. A bad, mad girl all through, she lies her way into marriage with one flyer (William Holden) by telling him she is in trouble with another (Ray Milland). Bored with conjugal life, and incidentally having killed a man, she makes her way to the airfield and hides herself in the locker where they keep the experimental flares. And there she is, crouching amongst the gadgets, when the bomber, with her husband and the Other Man at the controls, makes a crash landing in the Californian desert.

I am sorry to have to report that the lady dies of the crash. It is the good girl (Constance Moore) who knows how to keep herself and her hair in place who gets her man at the fade-out. The film includes mass flight manœuvres at Kelly Field and Randolph Field, a black-out rehearsal in Los Angeles, and many problems, both personal and academic, that attend the training of U.S. Army pilots. It is rather noisy, often impressive, and coloured throughout by Miss Lake's personality. They call her the Blonde Bomber, as they called Miss Harlow the Blonde Bombshell, and you couldn't overlook her if you tried.

THE CHEERFUL SIDE

Off for a carefree wartime holiday—no worry over petrol coupons for these two. What luggage is not in their rucksacks has been packed in the "pram"—along with baby!

Communal feeding where sumptuous dinners were once held: a view of one of the new centres for City workers—in the famous banqueting hall of the Fishmongers' Company.

HÉLÈNE WOLSKA *arranged to dance the name-part in "Giselle" in the Ballet Guild's centenary performance of Jean Coralli's ballet on June 28, at the Rudolf Steiner Hall. "Giselle" was originally produced on June 28, 1841, with Grisi in the title-rôle.*

Even if you go swimming you may not escape the watchful eye of the W.A.A.F. recruiting officials on the look-out for likely lasses. Here's a pamphlet being handed out to a young swimmer from the end of a diving-board.

Right: The marriage of MR. DONALD BUDGE, *the professional lawn tennis star of the U.S.A., to* MISS DEIRDRE CONSELMAN *took place in Chicago. Note the bridegroom's new profile—it was a "wedding present" to him from his doctor.*

OF WARTIME LIFE.

EARL KITCHENER, *great-nephew of the famous Kitchener of Khartoum, makes a darn good job of his sock! He is training for a commission in the Royal Corps of Signals.*

"This is how I'll look as a W.A.A.F.!" A recruiting device in a big store based on the seaside photographer's background featuring your own head and an alien body. By means of a mirror the girl is looking at herself in W.A.A.F. uniform.

Right: MYRA HESS, *the great pianist, was created a Dame Commander of the British Empire in the Birthday Honours, and is also to receive the gold medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society. She started the successful wartime National Gallery Concerts.*

Here's MR. ERNEST BEVIN, *Minister of Labour, as sculptor Avram Melnikoff sees him. Mr. Melnikoff, who has works in many museums, is responsible for the Allenby memorial at Beersheba.*

British fabrics combine decorative value with propaganda. Here's a "Conversation Piece" in silk made up of a design of Fougasse's numerous "Careless Talk" posters scattered about.

And this turban scarf is made of another new British fabric with a "Free French" design devised in collaboration with the Free French authorities. It bears General de Gaulle's speech.

Walking out in London, MISS JACQUELINE COCHRAN *looks delightfully feminine, and at first glance one would hardly connect her with the boyish figure on the right, or with her fine flying record.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS JACQUELINE COCHRAN—For being the first woman to ferry a bomber across the Atlantic, and for having a flying record worth picking out in precious stones on her cigarette-case.

MISS JACQUELINE COCHRAN (in private life Mrs. Floyd Odlum, of New York) has just delivered across the Atlantic for service with the R.A.F. an American Lockheed Hudson reconnaissance bomber. She is the first woman ever to have piloted a bomber aircraft across the Atlantic—a non-stop test of endurance. The aircraft was captained by Captain G. Carlisle, but Miss Cochran, as first officer, handled the controls most of the way. She took over shortly after leaving the aerodrome until just about an hour before reaching England, when her companion assumed control. She hopes to be able to deliver further bombers for the R.A.F. Miss Cochran took up aviation in 1932; in 1934 she competed in the England-Melbourne Air Race, but her machine crashed at Bucharest. At Detroit in 1937 she set up a new women's air-speed record of 304·62 m.p.h., and also won the Harmon Trophy for being outstanding woman pilot of the year. Last year she maintained an average speed of 331 m.p.h. over a 2000-kilometre course, constituting an unofficial world's speed record for the distance. Besides her lucky charm bracelet, Miss Cochran owns a gold cigarette case inscribed on one side with her best flights; on the other side is a map of America with her races picked out in diamonds, women's records in rubies, and mishaps in amethysts.

Here she is (left) with CAPTAIN PAULINE GOWER, *head of the women ferry pilots (Air Transport Auxiliary), showing the bracelet strung with lucky charms to which she attributes her success.*

For flying a bomber across the ocean, MISS COCHRAN *wore this smartly cut suit, but she brought three evening dresses with her and sixteen pairs of silk stockings.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

PEACEFUL PARTY—ORGANISED BY WAR!

This peaceful boating party owes its organisation to war conditions. The leaders of the excursion are grandchildren of a bishop; and they are initiating a party of young evacuees into the delights of rowing along a cool, tree-shaded stream which meanders through a typically English countryside.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.

THEY REMIND ME OF PEACE.

(A little bourgeois ballad, to be sung with nostalgic feeling and apologies to Mr. Eric Maschwitz.)

The Golden Arrow on the *quai* at Calais,
Massine and Lifar in an *outré* ballet,
A serenade for strings,
These Foolish Things
Remind me of Peace.

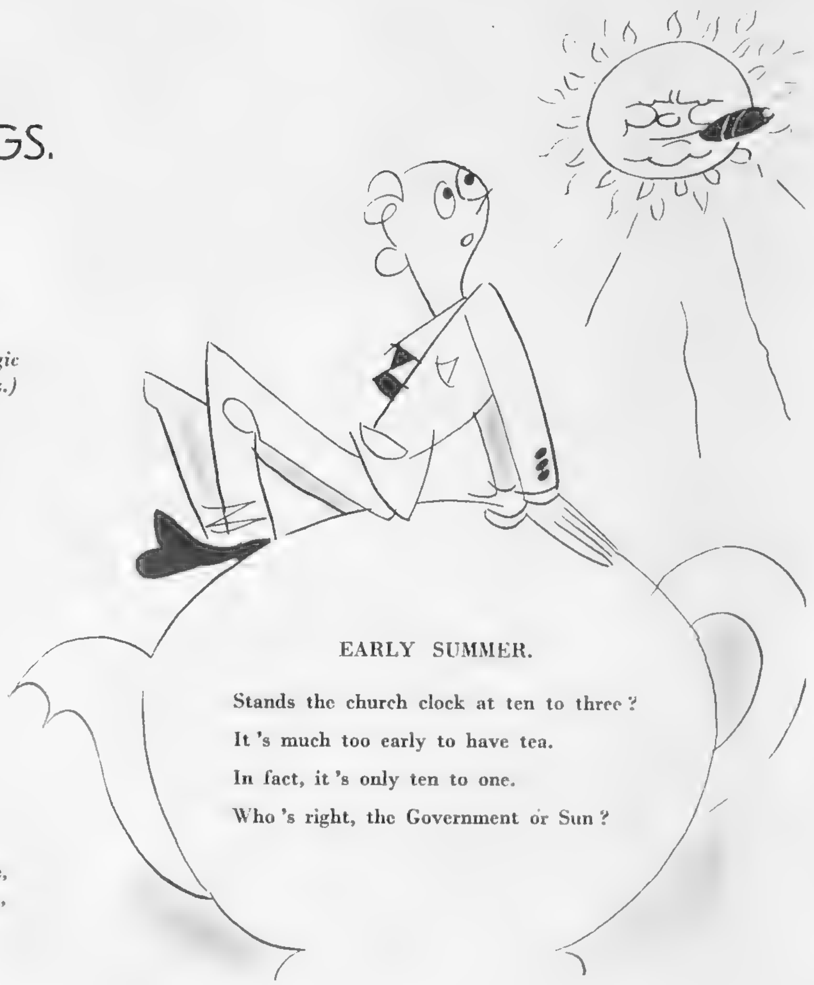
A *robe-de-soir* without a tax or coupon,
A summer menu-card with cantaloupe on,
And lots of chicken-wings,
These Foolish Things
Remind me of Peace.

A misty moorland and a well-bred partridge,
A pair of Purdeys and a well-sped cartridge,
The smell of tweed that clings,
These Foolish Things
Remind me of Peace.

A tiny Jantzen with the sand still clinging,
A *café-chantant* with Chevalier singing,
A saxophone that swings,
These Foolish Things
Remind me of Peace.

A broken record in a big Bugatti,
An arty-party where the talk was catty,
And "Thanks-for-everything's,"
These Foolish Things
Remind me of Peace!

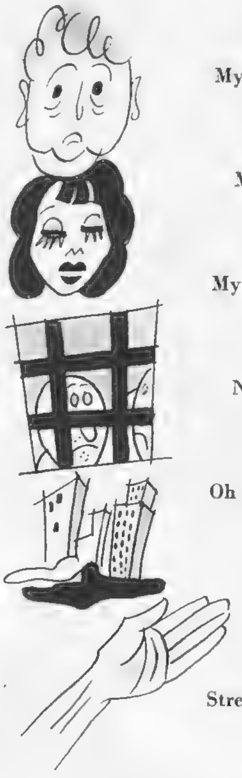
VERSES BY MICHAEL DARSLEY;
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WOOPING.



EARLY SUMMER.

Stands the church clock at ten to three?
It's much too early to have tea.
In fact, it's only ten to one.
Who's right, the Government or Sun?

AGONY COLUMN.



My mother's in Bermuda,
My sister's in New York.
My Singapore relations
No longer have to work.
Oh God's-own-country cousins,
Oh hands across the sea,
Stretch out a little further
And pick up little me!

JUNE BRIDES, BETROTHALS AND ROSES.

MISS PHYLLIS CALVERT, *film-star who played opposite to Michael Redgrave in the "Kipps" film, married actor* MR. PETER MURRAY HILL, *who is now in the police force. The bridegroom's Station Inspector (right) is congratulating the bride.*

MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE, *the famous ice-skater, is a member of the Mechanised Transport Corps. On Alexandra Day she sold roses outside Drapers' Hall.*

The principals of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company gave a lunchtime concert for workers and bombed-out dockers at Deptford. The "Three Little Maids from School," MARGERY ABBOTT, MAISIE DEAN *and* MARJORIE EYRE *(l. to r.) are getting their own lunch.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *visited the London depôts on Alexandra Day, the thirtieth anniversary of the original Rose Day. She is seen at Australia House with* MRS. BRUCE, *wife of the High Commissioner, and her helpers.*

The marriage of MISS SYLVIA MORWENNA MORRISON-BELL, *younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Morrison-Bell, to* CAPTAIN A. T. CHAMBERLAYNE, *took place at St. George's, Hanover Square.*

MISS CYNTHIA DORÉE LATIMER, *only child of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Latimer, Rosemount, Lane End, Bucks., is engaged to* LIEUT. K. FIRTH, R.N.V.R., *younger son of Sir William and Lady Firth.*

CAPTAIN WILLIAM FORBES, *eldest son of Commander W. S. F. Forbes, is engaged to* MISS DIANA KNOX, *only daughter of Mr. W. Barr Knox. Miss Knox is in the F.A.N.Y.*

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS
THE REST HOME

Off for a drive in a dog-cart and a governess cart : nurses take the road without petrol coupons.

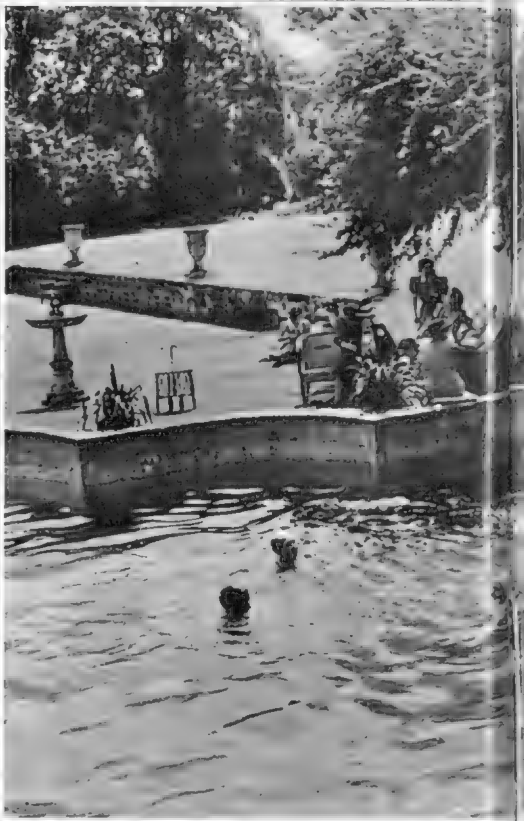
Right : LADY MELCHETT *(left) is welcoming* MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL *and* MRS. WINANT *to Colworth House.*

LADY MELCHETT, *with James, the Peke,* MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL *and* LORD HORDER *by the swimming pool.*

COLWORTH HOUSE, Sharnbrook, the Bedfordshire home of Lord and Lady Melchett, has for some weeks been used as a rest home for heroic nurses from voluntary hospitals in the bombed areas, and already over 300 have enjoyed the hospitality of this beautiful place, which the British-American War

[Continued opposite.

SISTER F. CATON, *of Guy's Hospital, and one of her friends in the stable.*



Where nurses can enjoy bathing and ... of Co...

DAY AT COLWORTH HOUSE,
OR HEROIC NURSES.

LORD NUFFIELD *and* MRS. WINANT *with* LIEUT.-COLONEL THE HON. J. J. ASTOR, *at lunch.*

: *the lovely swimming-pool in the grounds* *th House.*

LADY MELCHETT *and* VIOLET LADY MELCHETT *(right) chatting with nurses by the Italian bathing-pool.*

Continued.]

Relief Society of New York has guaranteed to maintain as a health home for nurses for twelve months. Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mrs. Winant, Lord Horder and Lieut.-Colonel J. J. Astor recently paid a visit to Colworth to see something of the work there. The party also included Lord Nuffield, Lord Horder, Miss Florence Horsbrugh and others. Our photographs, which were taken on this occasion, show something of the lovely surroundings which the kindness of Lord and Lady Melchett and American generosity have made available for this fine work.

Left : A group of nurses who are enjoying a well-earned rest : in the library at Colworth House.

Right : " Come on, now ! " : a nurse about to dive into the swimming-pool, encouraged by a friend.

The interior of the "Flying Fortress" after it has crashed, with the crew gradually regaining consciousness.

Dramatic rescue: Al Ludlow (WILLIAM HOLDEN) *drags a comrade from a blazing 'plane.*

The airman and the siren: Al Ludlow with the blonde café singer, Sally Vaughn (VERONICA LAKE).

"I WANTED WINGS," Paramount picture which was due to have a double *première* at the Plaza and the Carlton Theatres on Friday last, June 27, is a thrilling flying film, with a dramatic story set against the background of U.S.A. Army Air Corps training and manœuvres, and incorporating the interior sounds of a huge U.S.A. Army "Flying Fortress" four-motored bomber. The story presents three "musketeers" of the air, young air corps cadets, Jeff, Al and Tom. Jeff and Al are attracted by blonde, wild café singer Sally Vaughn, and Al marries her. She leaves him for a gangster, but turns up again when wanted for murder, stows away aboard the "Flying Fortress," lets off a giant flare, and is responsible for the crash in which she is killed. The thrills and incidents of U.S.A. air training are presented in breath-taking style.

Rich young pilot falls in love with Carolyn (CONSTANCE MOORE), *the girl photographer.*

Sally, sunk to the lowest depths and wanted for murder, stows herself in the "Flying Fortress" before it takes off.

The end of the bad girl: Al Ludlow finds that Sally Vaughn has been killed in the "Flying Fortress's" crash.

U.S.A. "FLYING FORTRESS" FILM—"I WANTED WINGS."

This photograph was taken in a subterranean operations room of the Fighter Command. Senior officers in the gallery are watching the movements of aircraft over the map spread below, while W.A.A.F.s are on duty as plotters. They constantly receive messages from the radiolocators and the Royal Observer Corps. Radiolocation was recently described by Air Chief-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert as Britain's secret weapon against the bomber.

And here, for contrast, is a United States Army Air Corps control room as presented in the film "I Wanted Wings." Location shooting for this picture was done at Randolph, Kelly and March Fields with the complete co-operation of the U.S. Army Air Corps. Members of the picture troupe were allowed to invade control and class rooms and so forth, so this scene may be taken as an actual representation of the U.S. Air Force at work.

U.S.A. AND R.A.F. OPERATIONS ROOMS: REAL AND SCREEN.

KING PETER—DISPOSSESSED BUT DETERMINED.

HIS MAJESTY KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA, *seventeen-year-old monarch dispossessed by the Axis Powers, reached England last week accompanied by his Prime Minister, Foreign Minister and Minister at Court; and was met by H.R.H. the Duke of Kent on behalf of the King. It is understood that a Yugoslavian Government will be set up in this country, for the young King is determined to rally Free Yugoslavs and to fight to the end. He is a capable motor mechanic, and is here seen tuning up the engine of a car at the English country house where his mother, Queen Marie, lives. He hopes to take up flying and to organise a Free Yugoslav Air Force.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"GO, LOVELY ROSE" is a novel with a theme so ambitious that few novelists of any period would not have hesitated to undertake it. The theme is, in a word, Sacred and Profane Love; and they are not so much contrasted as shown to be dependent on each other. Three stages mark the emotional and spiritual development of Richard de Hautefontaine; his liaison with Diane de Frantaillac teaches him the meaning of passion; Princess Anastasia shows him the meaning of love. His relationships with both women had a tragic ending and from the suffering they entailed he learned the mystery of the love of God—the love of God as it is revealed to the mystics. All his life Richard had been *sérieux*, in contrast to his friend Xavier who (until Diane broke his heart) had fluttered round every lighted candle and boasted of his conquests; whereas Richard had always held that "where a woman's name is at stake, a man of breeding keeps absolutely silent." After his break with Diane Richard joined his regiment abroad; his soldiering over, he visited the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, but was told that he had as yet no vocation for the religious life, because he lacked the experience of happiness without which no offering to God could be complete. "It is impossible . . . to mature," the author very justly observes, "without having known happiness in some form or another." Sent to Russia on a diplomatic mission he meets Princess Anastasia and finds happiness in his love for her—a happiness so deep that its impress on his character is not obliterated by her cruel death. This time he does not have to ask to be admitted as a monk; he is asked, and making over his estates to his brother, accepts.

An Anatomy of Love.

"Go, Lovely Rose" is written with all the impressiveness and solemnity that the author can put into it, and her sense of humour does not always act as a corrective. On the other hand, she has the gift, granted to few novelists, of being able to write a great deal about love without turning it into an abstract subject like algebra; she does not so much dissect as vivisect it. And she is successful, too, in another difficult enterprise: she makes love as practised by the *beau monde* of Paris in the 'nineties, with all the rules and conventions attached to it, seem very like the kind of love that humbler, less sophisticated people might feel for each other. At times one is almost suffocated by the snobbishness of the atmosphere, but it is an unselfconscious snobbishness, and probably true to period. "One excellent thing about Russia was that a man's social position must be defined by law and put on his passport." I suppose that, in the Russia of to-day, it is as useful to be legally recognised as a proletarian as it then was to be certified an aristocrat.

MR. H. G. STARLEY, *very well known in the motor world, is the energetic originator and organising secretary of the Motor Industry Fighter Fund, designed to provide the nation with a complete squadron of fighter aircraft representative of all sections of the British motor trade. Subscriptions already received mount up to over £85,000, and the balance required is well in sight. Mr. Starley is a member of the fourth generation of the famous Starley family (Champion Sparking Plugs), to whose inventions and genius the British cycle and motoring industries largely owe their creation.*

A Matter of Taste.

Taste, good taste, *le bon ton*, is a quality which almost every character in "Go, Lovely Rose" upholds and subscribes to (Richard's lapse, when he insults Anastasia, is interesting because it was not only rude, but in a superlative degree an error of taste: it was spitting in the eye of taste). Taste is a wonderful lubricant for the every-day and even for the extraordinary events of life: there is hardly a situation it cannot save or spoil. At the same time, there are certain subjects which are better treated without any direct appeal to it; and the relation between human love and religious ecstasy is one. The idea of persons of high rank taking up religion or entering the religious life because they have suffered some disappointment in love has nothing against it: but directly an author begins to discuss the matter in detail, to weigh up the sin against the saving grace, and so on, a certain falsity of emotion may creep in. The spectacle of a Don Juan or *grande amoureuse* expiating a gay life in a monastery or convent cell has an element of sensationalism in it which appeals to the vulgar, and from which the story of Richard's conversion to the contemplative life is not quite free. He performed a very difficult spiritual journey, there is no doubt about that: but he had a first-class ticket.

"INLAND WATER, DORSET," *is one of the paintings by Mr. Algernon Newton, A.R.A., on view at his show at the Leicester Galleries. It is not, except for his unalterable and individual manner, typical of this painter's work, in which one usually finds a country house set in landscape, or a street with houses. Two pictures from this exhibition have been bought by Mr. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada, and will eventually make their way West.*

An Old Story Re-told.

"The Butterfly" is a story that has been told, with variations, many times in the past few years. It is a story that seems to have a particular attraction for our age—perhaps because of the horror and cruelty that are inseparable from it. Caroline Bepton, a middle-aged spinster of comfortable means staying in a boarding-house at the seaside town of Easthaven, is a prey, unconsciously, to boredom and frustration: she is longing for a little excitement to brighten her life. In this dangerous mood she encounters, on the pier of Easthaven, a handsome commercial traveller with whom she gets into conversation. More fearful and at the same time bolder than an experienced woman would have been, she cultivates, she prosecutes the acquaintance, so that presently she and the attractive, if bounderish, fortune-hunter are established in the old lonely farmhouse bought with her money. Content at first with being her servant and handy-man, he soon wants her to be his mistress in every sense of the word; against her will but not against her wish she complies. Neither wants to get married—he because he has a wife still living, she because at heart she is a very conventional woman and Tim, as she calls Septimus Dunk, is not a gentleman. In her will she makes him her heir, but she shows no sign of dying. Impatient for his inheritance, Tim murders her.

The Victim.

Mr. Martin Armstrong is a master of narrative, as of almost every department of the novelist's art, and he tells the squalid story beautifully. Being a man of feeling he also, as far as he can, humanises it. Drawn with an exquisitely light touch, Miss Bepton's fellow-guests at the boarding-house provide a kind of Greek chorus to the first unfolding of Miss Bepton's romance. Miss Macalister with her rather original but extremely effective Scottish accent and her

[Continued overleaf.

Continued.]

affectionate preoccupation with everything that belongs to or reminds her of her native place is a delicious bit of comic relief, as is also, in his grim and sardonic way, Mr. Raglan. Miss Bepton, too, is an interesting variation on the type of woman usually chosen for victim in this kind of story. Her spinsterhood has not soured her, nor has it made her the abject slave of her senses. She dresses well, her conversation has a pleasant tartness; she can stand up to Tim and sometimes come off best; she has an appetite for life apart from the things that he has brought into it. Indeed, it was her zest for life that proved her undoing, since it enabled Tim to persuade her to take the trip abroad which plausibly explained her disappearance.

The Villain.

Tim is more complex and perhaps less convincing. Anxious not to paint too black a picture of human nature, Mr. Armstrong portrays him as being more than half in love with Caroline. Though quite ready to commit small crimes, he is not the man to do a "contrived murder." Murderers, certainly the kind who plan their crimes a long way ahead, must be pretty tough, and Tim is not. After he had disposed of Caroline, not only his nerve, but his whole nature gave way: in the end we can only feel sorry for him—as we could not feel for a man who had deliberately lured a loving woman into a devilish trap. Granted that murder may easily bring remorse, I still think that the man who plotted to murder Caroline is a different man from the one who afterwards took to drink and let his mind become obsessed by the fatal trench—as different as "Tim" is from "Septimus Dunk." Of course, Mr. Armstrong is slightly handicapped by only being able to give partial glimpses into the mind of the murderer, whose true intentions, in the interest of the narrative, cannot always be disclosed; whereas Caroline's can.

A Reckless Heroine.

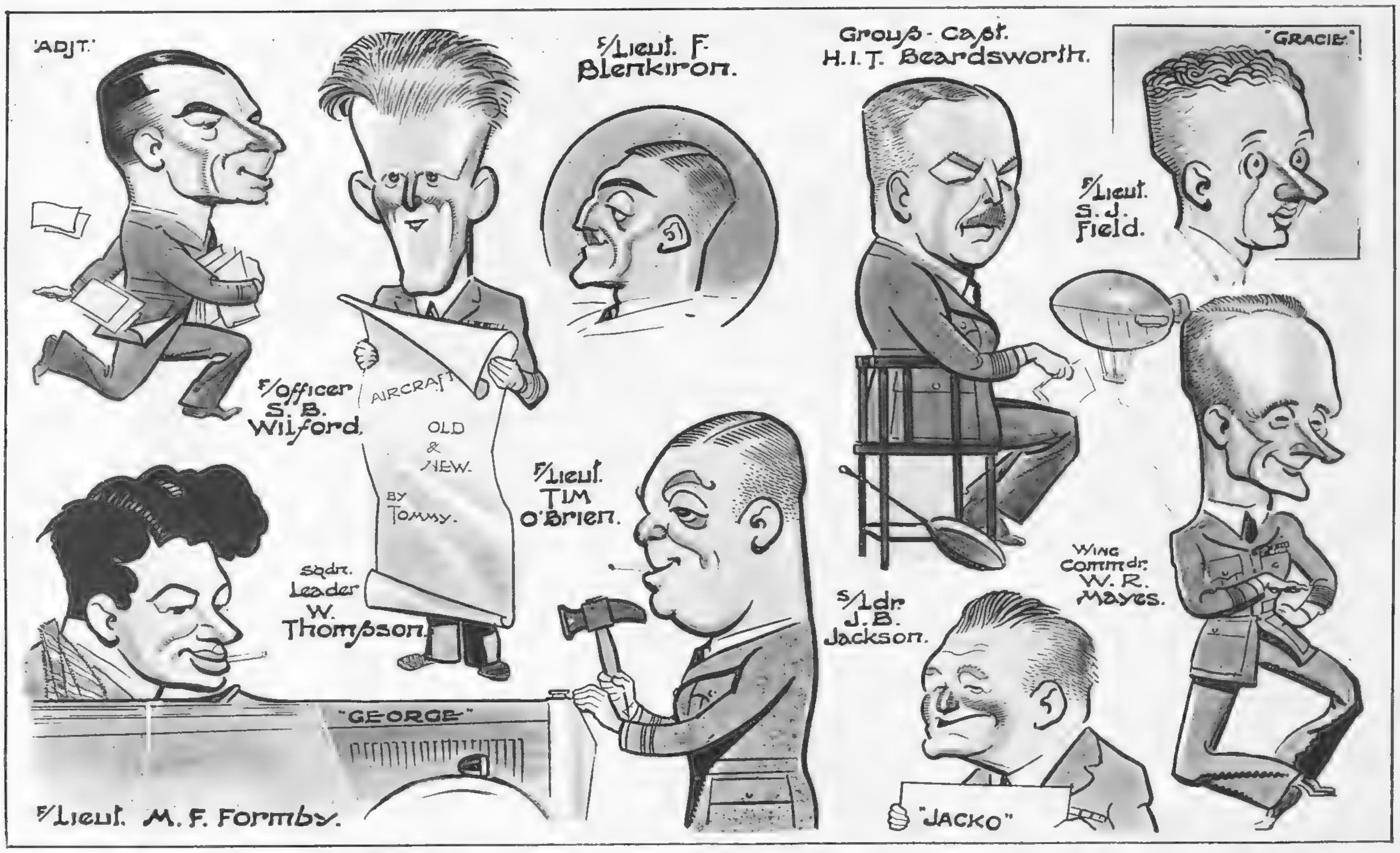
It was to be expected that the war would lift the spy story to new heights of popularity, but Mr. Keverne can escape the imputation that a sudden incursion into this field of literature is the result of a newly-created demand. "The Havering Plot" gave evidence of its author's skill in works of this *genre*, and "The Black Cripple" will establish him as a workmanlike writer whose thrills are plentiful and continuous and who plays very fairly by his readers.

One of the chief criminals excuses his final failure (and as the book's sub-title is "A Fifth Column Intrigue" it is surely not giving anything away to say that the enemy met his Waterloo) on the grounds that he had never expected to meet so intelligent an adversary as the hero. The excuse is a better one than it would be in many books where the hero receives more advantages from Fate than he is capable of winning for himself. But Peter Furnis, though fortune sometimes favoured the brave, possessed a quickness of invention and deduction that might well have baffled the most far-sighted enemy agent.

The heroine, on the other hand, although the author calls her "a fearless and quick-witted young woman," hardly seems deserving of the latter epithet, seeing that she allows herself to be kidnapped twice—the second time, moreover, when she is the sole possessor of valuable secrets. It is high time that female Secret Service agents awoke to their peril, especially when they are carrying exclusive information. Their failure to do so is beginning to reflect on the efficiency and intelligence of their sex.

Mr. Jellipot Deliberates.

The murder in "The Rissole Mystery" is not committed, as the title might suggest it was, by poison inserted into twice-cooked food. Mr. Adrian Rissole, a retired ship-steward living alone in a block of flats, met his end by a stab in the back: there was never any doubt how the murder was done, and the number of suspects is commendably few. Superintendent Davis and Chief-Inspector Combridge were inclined to fix the guilt on the dead man's neighbour, Mr. Lovejoy, who had obligingly furnished them with the information that the door of Mr. Rissole's flat was now permanently locked; the news that Mrs. Lovejoy had been an intimate friend of the dead man and benefited by his will increased their suspicions. It was left to Mr. Jellipot, the solicitor who has already acted as amateur detective in Mr. Sydney Fowler's stories, to put them on the right track; and this he did at considerable personal risk. The one dramatic scene in the book is cleverly led up to and extremely well described. For the rest, "The Rissole Mystery" has the distinction of being unusually well written, and the author's pleasant gift of irony (*e.g.*, "She was one of those women whose natural plainness is not lessened by the approach of mature years") adds considerably to our enjoyment of a clever if not overwhelmingly exciting story which moves, like Mr. Jellipot's mind, with certainty but with deliberation.



Far from unimportant is the TECHNICAL BRANCH OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE; *in fact it has been described in a rather metaphor-mixing phrase as "the brains upon which the R.A.F. revolve." Group Captain Beardsworth, Chief Technical Officer, is seen surrounded by members of his staff.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Go, Lovely Rose. By Margaret Trouncer. (*Cassell; 8s. 6d.*)
The Butterfly. By Martin Armstrong. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
The Black Cripple. By Richard Keverne. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
The Rissole Mystery. By Sydney Fowler. (*Rich and Cowan; 7s. 6d.*)

The fourteenth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

THE MAKING OF A MODERN OFFICER: WORK AND PLAY AT AN O.C.T.U.

"No. 1 gun empty, Sir!" A fine camera-study showing a battery of 25-pounder field guns in action.

Relaxation: a scene in the recreation-room, with officer cadets reading the papers and periodicals.

The post mortem *after exercises: these gunners have been firing according to instructions given by aeroplane.*

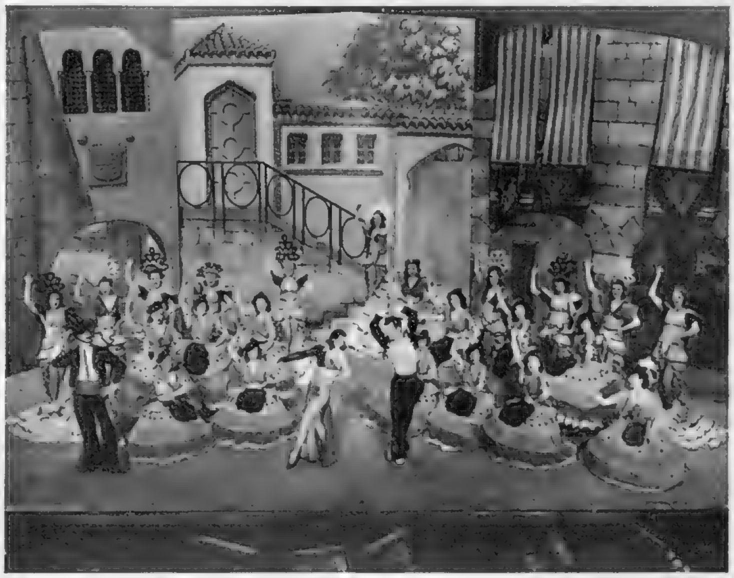
The O.C.T.U. cadets doing semaphore drill—a dramatic photographic study.

THESE dramatic photographs give some idea of what life is like for the officer-to-be, for they were taken at an O.C.T.U.—or Officer Cadets Training Unit—where the modern officer is fitted for his highly responsible and skilled duties. Lectures, gunnery, semaphore drill and other military exercises are part of the busy day's work, and concentration and energy are both required. The picture which is entitled "The *post mortem*" shows the cadets lined up to hear the discussion of the result of their firing, which has been done according to instructions given by aeroplane.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

LONDON'S LATEST SHOW—"NON-STOP VANITIES."

Alfred Esdaile's "NON-STOP VANITIES," *at the Prince of Wales', promises this week to become London's latest show, ending at the hour of 10 p.m. Here* FEITH LINN *and the girls are seen in "The White Rhapsody."*



"OLD SUNNY SPAIN," *with* BERT BROWNBILL *on the left.*

A close-up of "MY FAIRY COACH" *with the occupants.*

"BEAUTY UNADORNED" *in the number* "GARDEN OF GLORY."

COSTELO *and* LAMARR, *dancers in "Old Sunny Spain."*

"NEVER," *with Sergt.-Major Hotchkiss* (BERT BROWNBILL), *Major Carroway* (ANTHONY SHAW) *and the Corporal* (ERIKSON).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWARBRICK STUDIOS

THE CONVOY WILL MAKE HARBOUR—.*

By L. LUARD.

DAWN. The landlocked waters of the harbour, untouched by the faint breath of the westerly wind, lay stilled and placid. The lines of wharves and piers, overtopped by the skeleton structures of cranes, by the masts of ships pointed like lances against the sky, loomed, shadowy and vague, against the solidity of the surrounding hills. In the offing dark masses of clouds, night-cold, brooded low and ominous. The Oropesa trawlers, their soaring sheers sweeping to the break of whalebacks, white wisps of steam feathering from funnel exhausts, moved into the roadsteads, grey shadows growing in form and perspective.

Dawn and the day's work. From other piers and jetties, attendant Dan laying and Mine destruction vessels steamed clear to join their sisters and consummate their task. The flotilla, sorting itself into formation, shaped slowly seawards—a long column of ships in line ahead. Dawn and the day's work and mines in the offing—contact, floating and magnetic. Warps splashed into the water; the telegraph clanged; the last ship followed clear astern, a small Norwegian whaler converted into a magnetic minesweeper.

Dawn to-day—as had dawn yesterday and the day before, as would dawn to-morrow and the day after—watched the ships sailing from innumerable ports—trawlers, drifters, and other miscellaneous craft, old and new, large and small, seaworthy and coastworthy—active defence to the menace of mine warfare. Day, wheeling into the full light of noon, saw the channels all round the coast being searched and cleared, explored and swept—the channels broad and straight, intricate and narrow, arteries of the nation. Noon, in bondage to the rising tide of dusk, marked the free-flowing traffic of the seven seas moving upon its lawful occasions, the return of the flotillas to harbour, with sometimes a ship disabled or sunk, her crew wounded and missing; but with the gateways wide open. "A thousand ships a week, nearly one hundred and fifty a day, over six an hour enter and leave our ports," the commanding officer commented. "I like to hold that picture uppermost in my mind. It restores perspective. It safeguards sanity. It 's an ever present help."

Here is one of the trawlers which have been armed and converted into minesweepers, and are playing such a great part in clearing the seas for our convoys.

The Oropesa trawlers passed the gate of the boom defence, eased down, and swung into sweeping formation. Still in the sanctuary of the harbour, the last ship prepared her gear. She had no wires or floats, kites or otters, winches or cutters. Instead, enthroned in the instruments of her calling, complex and delicate, lay the secret of silent force, invisible might, relentless power.

The sun rose, breaking through the brooding barrier of clouds with effortless ease, flooding the canopy of the sky in a pour of blood-red light. The waves of colour spread fast, like a swift-running tide, and the sea, losing its sombre monochrome, turned to a plain of lava reflecting lanes of glittering fire.

"Wonderful—too wonderful," the commanding officer remarked. "It 's like a warning."

He leaned over the bridge dodger, addressed the first-lieutenant. "See the men have their life-belts on and partly inflated. I 've a feeling all 's not well to-day. We 'll search off the headland first." She started work by the boom defence. There was nothing to show, little to see. She might have been steaming leisurely, bent on no particular task. Only the twin anti-aircraft gun, unbased and ready for action, revealed the need of vigilance, eternal and absolute.

"Due south," said the commanding officer.

"Due south, Sir," the coxswain repeated.

"Yes; too much like a warning," the Captain continued. "I 'm not superstitious; but mines own strange ways. The gear 's foolproof, our degaussing 's perfect, the channel 's clear of contacts. Yet it seems too quiet."

It was quiet. She was moving through the water at a steady six knots, her bow wave murmuring a low monode. Astern, the pale untroubled line of the wake lay white against the darkling glitter of the sea, the sweeping summits of hills and woods that seemed to watch and wait—impassive, inviolate, guardians of an unconquered shore. Far ahead the group of Oropesa trawlers had faded to faint shadows sculptured against the circle of the horizon.

"Watch!" the commanding officer said. "We ought to strike lucky any minute. One 's been lying there a fortnight. He *must* soon succumb to our sortilege."

On the lower bridge the crew stood, their eyes steadied astern. They wore duffle coats and Balaclava helmets. Their chests ringed with partly inflated life-belts, seemed unnaturally large. They discussed everything under the sun except the work on hand. They seemed happy and content. Most had been in action, some had been mined more than once, others bombed.

Then, instantaneously, as though the sea bed had split and erupted, a heavy, muffled blow struck the ship. Fine on the quarter a heaped mound of water rose to a dull roar—rose in a splayed column, streaked and stained, fell back on itself and subsided, leaving a swirling mass of agitated waters ridged with foam.

"Good!" the commanding officer exclaimed, taking cross bearings, and glancing at his watch. "He 's gone. High time, too. A persistent blighter. Next time we may get a big one."

He smiled. "A little unreal, isn't it? One moment the sea seems at rest, uncontaminated by anger or treachery. The next, it unleashes monstrous forces of destruction. We live surrounded by the unknown."

He discussed mine warfare, simply and lucidly, with full understanding of its immense power. Mines served two great purposes, being equally suitable for offence and defence. Once laid, they required no watching and no maintenance, remaining at various depths below the surface, on the sea bed, or floating at the will of wind and tide.

Originally the concern of surface ships only, mines bent the submarine to their purpose in the last war, and to-day the aeroplane. Invisible and deadly, a danger to every ship sailing the seas, capable of blockading ports and harbours, creeks and estuaries, they demanded an intricate organisation to counter their menace.

Mine warfare, in all its varied phases, was static and mobile, passive and active, a ceaseless battle of brains backed by toil and endurance. "And minesweeping," he concluded, "means months of monotony, and sometimes weeks of wasted endeavour. Then come minutes of intense excitement, preceded or followed by moments of sudden fear."

The ship continued the sweep, working the narrow channel systematically. It looked easy and simple. In reality it was

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

difficult and complex. The area had to be covered a hundred per cent., and the tidal stream, a constantly varying factor, demanded ceaseless care.

An hour before noon she started the last leg. The sun, misted by clouds, turned to a dim halo and the light, robbed of its intensity, shone wan and pale, touched by the cold web of winter. But the commanding officer felt content. The channel was almost clear. Before dark a coastal convoy would be safely in port, the ships granted a fleeting respite, their cargoes augmenting the resources of the nation.

This craft is a peacetime pleasure paddle-steamer converted to mine-sweeper. A depth-charge has just been dropped to remove a wreck dangerous to shipping.

Suddenly the ship stopped dead in her stride, reeling to an immense blow. A sullen surge of sound broke into a heavy, reverberating explosion, accompanied by an upflung, leaping column of water close astern. The steering binnacle, uprooted, fell with a dull thud on the bridge deck; the cowl ventilators soared high, crashing in the scuppers; a Hotchkiss machine-gun, describing a leisurely parabola, diverted from its track and, caught by a pulsing blast, shot like a bullet into the commanding officer's cabin. Steam roared below, pouring from the stokehold fiddleys.

For a moment they remained dazed, gripped by the incomprehensible. Then their senses returned. The familiar line of the coast, the unyielding, placid expanse of sea, the vault of sky, darkened by the brooding barrier of clouds, leapt into vision. And the ship, stricken, robbed of life and buoyancy—the ship that had seen the deeps of the Antarctic, the hot, stilled zone of the Doldrums, the short, crested seas of the Irish Channel—lay at a heavy angle of heel, patient and enduring, as though unwilling to surrender her valiant spirit.

Already the crew had mustered aft. The boat, swung out, was being lowered under the supervision of the first lieutenant; the Carley float was unlashed and launched. And somewhere astern, blown overboard by the blast, three men were struggling in the water, their lifebelts perhaps impotent and useless. The commanding officer, his leg broken by the upward rend of concussion, swung aft with deft agility. He checked the crew, and found none injured. "Get the boat away," he ordered, "and pick up the men in the water. They 're together. They 're holding to a float."

Then the Chief, his face bleeding from superficial cuts, made his report. "She 's holed aft, Sir, and started her rivets as far as amidships. She may last an hour. Nothing to be done below. Main steam-pipe 's fractured. The engine-room 's an inferno. We were lucky."

"You were indeed—we all were," the commanding officer said.

The boat returned with the men, little the worse for their immersion, and stood off, ten yards on the quarter; the ship, listing more heavily, her lee deck lapping the water, yielded to her wounds with sullen defiance. Someone ran to the bridge, disappearing in the clouds of steam roaring and hissing from the fiddleys, and sounded the siren. The deep-toned note, echoing afar, held a solemn urgency.

"If they 're lively," the commanding officer said, "we 'll get her in tow and beached. It 's a question of time. Anything coming out? I wonder what mine that was. Not a magnetic, I swear."

He turned and spoke to the first lieutenant. "Prepare to be taken in tow for'ard. No one to go below decks. Detail two hands to help me with the confidential books." They worked and waited, counting the minutes. They sighted a patrol yacht steaming fast from the roadsteads. And the sea, darkened by the invading clouds sweeping over the sun, turned grey and ominous, sinister and implacable—a murmuring immensity, conscious of its might.

They worked and waited, watching the ship with concentrated intensity. Every detail, every fitting stood out crystal clear. Someone said, "She won't want her rail straightened no more. She 's for it. And I gave her funnel a coat of paint yesterday. Blimey, what a waste of time!"

Another retorted, "Reckon it means a new kit-up. Champion! I could do with another duffle coat an' all."

They laughed and joked, aware that their actions were partly dictated by sheer relief. They had faced death often enough, and the swift descent and passing of the shadow left them conscious of the hidden springs of life. Actions, gestures, the sweep of a hand, the sudden expression on a face, the very words that filled the air held a stark intensity, as though wrought and chiselled from steel. There was no disquiet. They moved swiftly and methodically, preparing wires, salving gear, attending to the varied tasks the Service demands to the end.

The ship was drifting from the swept channel, her degaussing circuit useless, her draught a hidden menace; but no one spoke his thoughts. That was joss—pure chance. Only a sidelong glance at the closing patrol yacht, an upward one at the sky, betrayed, from time to time, the measure of their minds.

Then, as the yacht came alongside bow to stern, and the towing wires were passed and secured, together with miscellaneous gear, the ship listed more heavily. "I reckon you 'd better abandon her," the skipper said. "She looks unhealthy. She 'll go any minute. I don't want her to capsize on top of me. That would be too bad."

He waved his hand aft. "Plenty of cigarettes in the cabin. And rum. Those fellows in the water—we saw them all right—could do with a tot."

A few minutes later she was in tow. But they knew she could not last. A surging, rending strain snapped the wires. She turned over on her beam ends, then settled by the stern, sliding slowly from sight. Her bows rose in mute protest, remained poised, as though she were still unwilling to surrender her valiant spirit to the keeping of the waters, then disappeared, leaving a maelstrom of seething foam that swirled afar in widening circles.

"Gone—by heavens!" the first lieutenant exclaimed.

The commanding officer stood very still, watching the white turmoil close astern. "Yes," he repeated, half to himself; "she 's gone. She was a good ship. She gave me confidence and understanding. She taught me something of our heritage."

He squared his shoulders and turned to the skipper of the yacht. "Many thanks," he said. "You did a fine job. The water looked too cold to be pleasant."

"Mighty unpleasant all round," the skipper commented. "These mines are causing more trouble than submarines. But we 'll master them sooner or later." He pointed to the roadstead. "There you are, Sir. They 're alive to it, right enough. No need to send a signal. Your relief is steaming out to continue the sweep."

The signal is given, and the sweeping apparatus is lowered into the sea by means of a crane.

The commanding officer smiled; his face relaxed. "Good!" he said. "Mines or no mines, the channel will be cleared. The convoy will make harbour."

And I, an observer of these events—I repeated with pride, "The convoy will make harbour."

THE END.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JUNE 18.

ACROSS.—1. Mask. 5. Lack. 8. Mantis. 10. Tabard. 13. Gentleman. 15. Assuage. 17. Defaces. 18. Psalm. 19. Trial. 20. Lena. 21. Prays. 24. Energy. 26. Toss. 29. Ejected. 30. Cat. 32. Pepita. 35. Nears. 37. Arid. 38. Motto. 41. Vest. 43. Lifar. 45. Agree. 46. Unloose. 47. Princes. 49. Laity. 50. Area. 51. Ghat. 52. Oiled. 53. Sprees. 54. Minces. 55. Hidden.

DOWN.—2. Angular. 3. Steam. 4. King. 5. Lame. 6. Abaft. 7. Canards. 8. Messenger. 9. Steer. 10. Teddy. 11. Dream. 12. Maple. 14. Aslant. 16. Sane. 21. Pyjamas. 22. Ascot. 23. Stenograph. 25. Get. 27. Ode. 28. Screeched. 31. Ass. 32. Pabulum. 33. Pillion. 34. Idiotic. 36. Avenged. 39. Oread. 40. Tapes. 42. Test. 44. Foyle. 48. Ease.

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WOMEN IN WARTIME

TRUE "COUPON ECONOMY"

CLASSIC simplicity is the salient feature of this fine wool-tailored suit. It is a member of the Hershelle family, designed and carried out by H. Bernstein, 9 Great Titchfield Street. It is sold by outfitters of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, the makers will send the name and address of their nearest agent. As will be seen, the sleeves are short, the collar has split revers, pockets appear in unexpected places, while the skirt is pleated. It may be worn with or without a blouse. The Hershelle collection includes many check suits, while the contrasting coat and skirt is well represented.

IT is a mistake to stint money where coats are concerned. Those at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, are good investments, as the majority are of a non-committal character, the cut and tailoring being excellent. To this firm must be given the credit of the wrap coat on the left, carried out in a checked wool fabric ; there are many variations on this theme. It is a mackintosh cape in cheerful colours that is seen on the right with its flattering hood. There are coats to harmonise, all of which may be slipped on in the fraction of a second. The Buffalo cloth coats have no rival to fear in colour schemes.

THERE is no more important accessory than a perfectly tailored shirt, illustrations of which appear in Dickins and Jones catalogue, Regent Street, a copy of which will be sent on application. Some of them are of artificial linen, crêpe, and the ever-popular candy striped cotton. To accompany them there are linen pinafore skirts also dungarees. Footwear has been carefully studied. There are toeless court shoes with Spanish heels, also tie shoes "peppered" for summer coolness. Gay-coloured cotton ankle-socks have come to stay, as well as woollen ones.

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"FIFTY THOUSAND, or a hundred, did you say? Not that it makes much difference, one way or the other, these times."

"A hundred thousand," The Broker replied. "It 's in our partnership agreement that when one has reached that amount, he shall automatically retire."

"Why shouldn't he go on if he wants to, and become a millionaire?" demanded The Engineer.

"The idea is to give the other partners a chance of doing the same thing."

"You 're talking about pre-war days?" assumed The City Editor.

"Rather! What is the pound sterling worth to-day?"

"Eight coupons," said The Jobber promptly. "I had to deal like that yesterday. Most of my margarine has melted already. And now they are cutting the butter ration! Just too bad!"

"It 's funny the way that everybody starts talking food and clothes, isn't it? I 'm told by people who go about, that the clothes coupons are being rapidly used up—not saved up."

"That 's because many of us think it may be well to buy while the opportunity and the goods are there."

"That 's it. You need only tell people what you have for sale and you 'll sell it fast enough."

The Merchant observed that he went to a sale last week at a large house in his neighbourhood.

"Plain, ordinary sort of things fetched fantastic figures. I suppose they 're not being made nowadays. Yet young folks keep on getting married, and they want a certain amount of stuff to start house-keeping."

"There 's going to be work for all after this war, isn't there, by Jove! I 've been looking into the preference shares of the textile companies," observed The City Editor, "and it seems to me that some of them are not at all bad. The arrears of dividend . . ."

"Which will never be paid off."

"Oh, don't you be too sure of that. Some of the companies have begun to deal with arrears where these exist, and they will be able to carry on the good work, unless I am greatly mistaken. Take a £1 share like Calico Printers preference at nine and six. Four years of dividend arrears—twenty per cent. in all—and last year the Company paid off one year's back dividend."

"They look cheap enough," agreed The Broker. "You 've got to take into account the difficulties of getting supplies. And there 's the taxation."

"You can't expect to have everything," protested The Jobber. "If you go for high yields on your money, or decent profits on your speculations, well"—and he shrugged his shoulders—"you must be ready to take risks."

"Which means, I suppose, that you are going to ram mining shares down our throats?"

"I would if I thought you would swallow them. Still, people have been buying a few South Africans lately; I will say that."

"It 's only the gambling shares that have risen to any extent. None of the others have moved. They tell me it is because of disappointment with the June dividends."

"Well, allow for the Dominion Relief on the dividends, and you will get ten per cent. from such a first-rate show as Sub-Nigel. Isn't that good enough for you?"

"Subs. stand pretty high, don't they?" The Jobber objected. "Wouldn't you prefer a flutter in the gambles—Western Holdings, Western Reef and that class of article? No tax to pay on your profits."

"Supposing you make a loss?"

"No tax to pay on that, either. I 'll admit, of course, that you are very much at the mercy of the Cape when you go a-gambling in those things."

"Or Blyvoors," The Broker added. "Or Libanon, Marievale, Venters. They come into fashion for a time. Prices do move, anyway, and so long as you don't happen to buy at the top, you get a decent run for your money."

The City Editor shook his head dubiously. "I can't see the British public buying South Africans . . ."

"They have already bought them," The Broker interrupted. "Millions of money are locked up in Kaffir shares. I should have thought everybody knew that."

"I am not everybody, although I did know it," The City Editor meekly replied. "But who is going to buy South African mining shares to-day?"

"Why, the people who divide their money into two parts: half of it goes into war borrowing, and the other half into something that gives them a fair yield on the investment."

"Don't you find that clients prefer home investments?" asked The Engineer. "What are you telling them to buy of the domestic order?"

"For good ordinary shares, I am suggesting English Electric. As a healthy preference, Lancashire Cotton. Convertible into ordinary. The option has no value at the moment, but it might be very useful one day."

"Ought one to sell electric lighting and gas and coal shares on this new rationing business, do you think?"

"I wouldn't for myself," The Broker answered. "But I 'm generally wrong over matters like that. They are all essential services, and I can't see them permanently affected by the war."

"It ought to be to their benefit, afterwards," The Engineer maintained. "When we have won the war, and rationing is no longer necessary, you won't be able to buy any of these shares for love or money."

"But as we shan't have any money," The Jobber commented philosophically . . .

"There 's bound to be another national loan fairly soon. And, my boy, the next won't give us as good terms, in my opinion, as the current issues do."

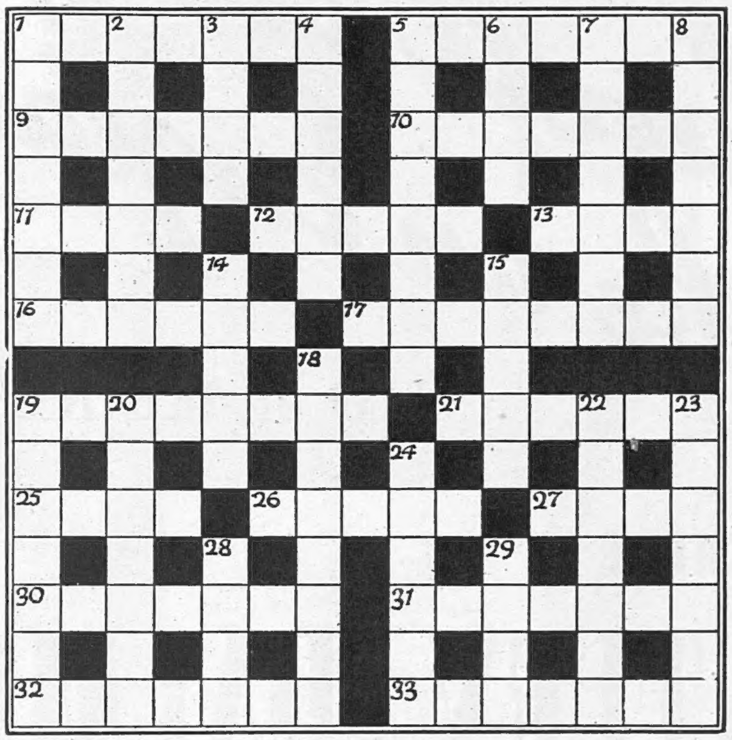
"Then you think it 's right to go on subscribing?"

"Of course. And the present lists are still open, you know. We 've got to win this war! Better step in before they alter the terms."

"Propagandist!" exclaimed The Engineer, producing his pocket cash-book, and frowning at the figures.

Friday, June 27, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Young lady, I have a letter (7).
5. Railway nurses? (7).
9. Are they blinded by thread? (7).
10. A quarrel before wine shows the place for the oars (3 hyphen 4).
11. A tributary of the Rhine (4).
12. It would be unimportant to have this test about six (5).
13. He distorts No. 12's tail as well as the truth (4).
16. He sounds a composer easy to get hold of (6).
17. River in lake for a folding church seat (8).
19. Filled but overturned pots (4, 4).
21. Finger jerk of boyish sound (6).
25. "Soft is the ———, and sad the lay, That mourns the lovely Rosabelle" (Scott) (4).
26. The Moslem princess seems to encourage stickiness (5).
27. La Bohème (4).
30. Country for people in No. 29 (7).
31. Alter it to make it alter! (7).
32. A rushing stream (7).
33. Almsgiving puts it in cautious surroundings (7).

DOWN.

1. Walk about on a ruler (7)—
2. ——and this No. 1 Down has to walk on a bird (7).
3. See No. 23 (4).
4. Make certain (6).
5. Tortoise with one leg under the earth (8).
6. Sir Isaac lacks half the cricket field (4).
7. Eating away (7).
8. A radio for nothing (3, 4).
14. Rhymed stuff, chiefly Gaelic (5).
15. Lukewarm (5).
18. There's hypocrisy about the hot place in this agreement (8).
19. It melts in the mouth (7).
20. He died with Ridley (7).
22. Egyptian Ballet composer (7).
23. Which Scottish burgh gets its salary about No. 3? (7).
24. Corrosion, I see, pertains to the country (6).
28. Shakespeare wrote of its pregnant hinges (4).
29. Sung by No. 27 Across perhaps (4).

Everything of Military Importance

The jackets, and the Sam Browne belts which surround them; the pockets, and the things they contain; the shoes and the socks to go inside them; the greatcoats, and the badges which differentiate them; the caps and the insignia which distinguish them. We have the uniform situation well in hand—

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